

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion like as it would speake:

But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeepe Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face.

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grise'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A sable silver'd.

Prince of Denmark

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fa-

He speake to it though hell it selfe

And bid me hold my peace; I will

If you haue hetherto conceal'd

Let it be tenable in your silence

And what someuer els shall hap

Giue it an vnderstanding but not

I will requite your loues, so far

Vppon the platforme twixt a l

He visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you

My fathers spirit (in armes) all

I doubt some foule play, would

Till then sit still my soule, fond

Though all the earth ore-whelme

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia

Laer. My necessities are in ba-

And sister, as the winds giue be-

And conuay, in assisstant doe no

But let me heere from you.

Oph. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in b

A Violet in the youth of primy

Forward, not permanent, sweet

The perfume and suppliance of

No more.

Oph. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow

In thewes and bulkes, but as the

The inward seruice of the mind

Growes wide withall, perhapes

And now no soyle nor cautell d

The vertue of his will, but you